

MARVEL  
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STRACZYNSKI • GARNEY

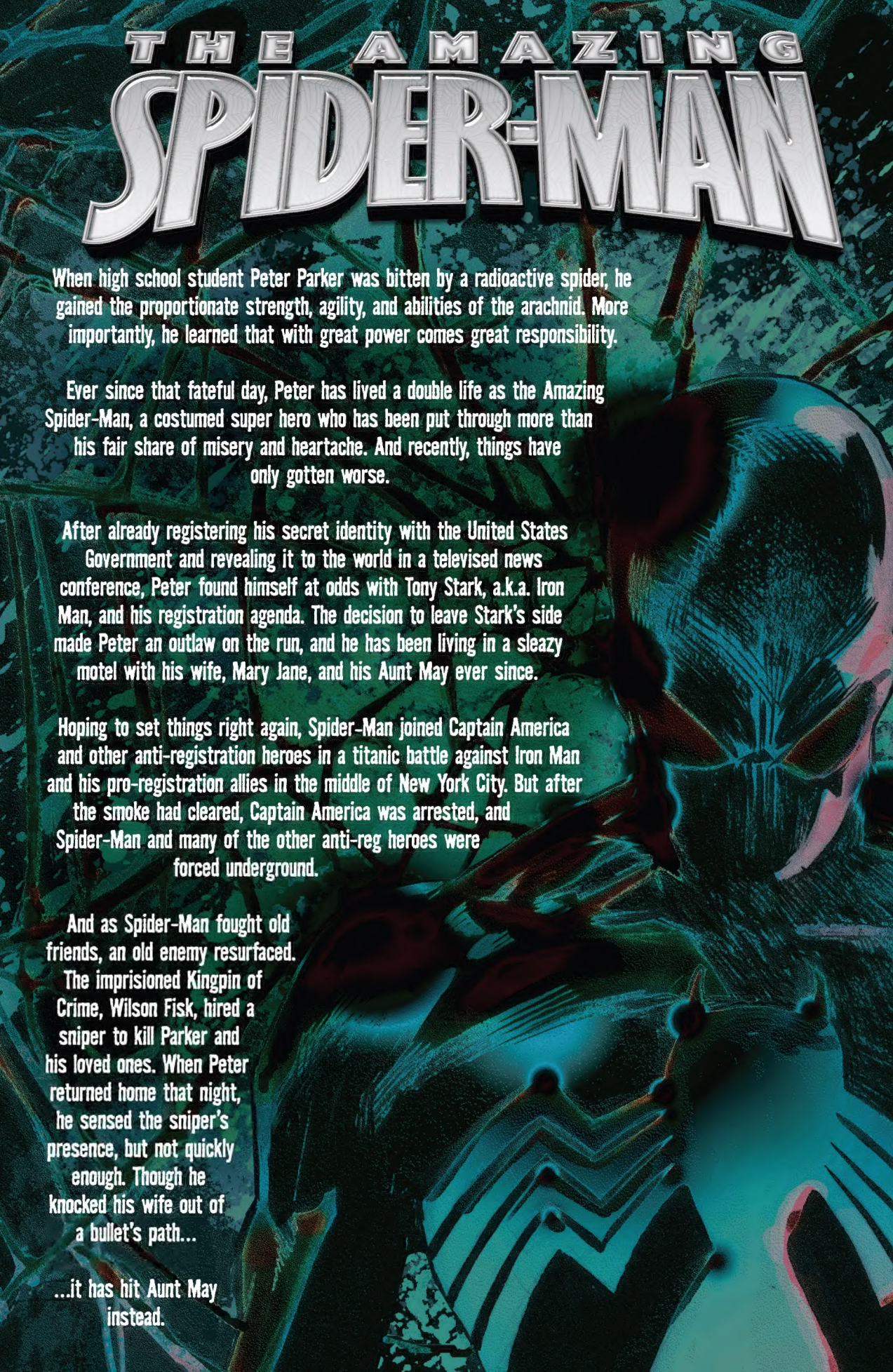
# THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

BACK IN BLACK





# THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



When high school student Peter Parker was bitten by a radioactive spider, he gained the proportionate strength, agility, and abilities of the arachnid. More importantly, he learned that with great power comes great responsibility.

Ever since that fateful day, Peter has lived a double life as the Amazing Spider-Man, a costumed super hero who has been put through more than his fair share of misery and heartache. And recently, things have only gotten worse.

After already registering his secret identity with the United States Government and revealing it to the world in a televised news conference, Peter found himself at odds with Tony Stark, a.k.a. Iron Man, and his registration agenda. The decision to leave Stark's side made Peter an outlaw on the run, and he has been living in a sleazy motel with his wife, Mary Jane, and his Aunt May ever since.

Hoping to set things right again, Spider-Man joined Captain America and other anti-registration heroes in a titanic battle against Iron Man and his pro-registration allies in the middle of New York City. But after the smoke had cleared, Captain America was arrested, and Spider-Man and many of the other anti-reg heroes were forced underground.

And as Spider-Man fought old friends, an old enemy resurfaced.

The imprisoned Kingpin of Crime, Wilson Fisk, hired a sniper to kill Parker and his loved ones. When Peter returned home that night, he sensed the sniper's presence, but not quickly enough. Though he knocked his wife out of a bullet's path...

...it has hit Aunt May instead.



**AUNT  
MAY!**

**NO!**

--OGOP  
OGOP  
OGOP--

# BACK IN BLACK

**PART  
OF 5**

**J. MICHAEL  
STRACZYNSKI**  
W R I T E R

**RON  
GARNEY**  
P E N C I L E R

**BILL  
REINHOLD**  
I N K E R

**MATT  
MILLA**  
C O L O R I S T

**VC'S CORY  
PETIT**  
L E T T E R E R

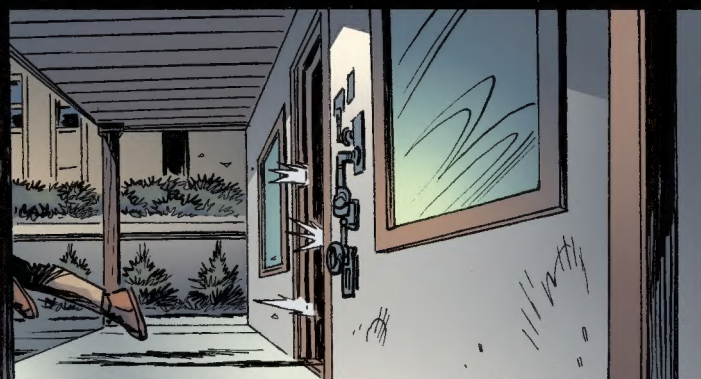
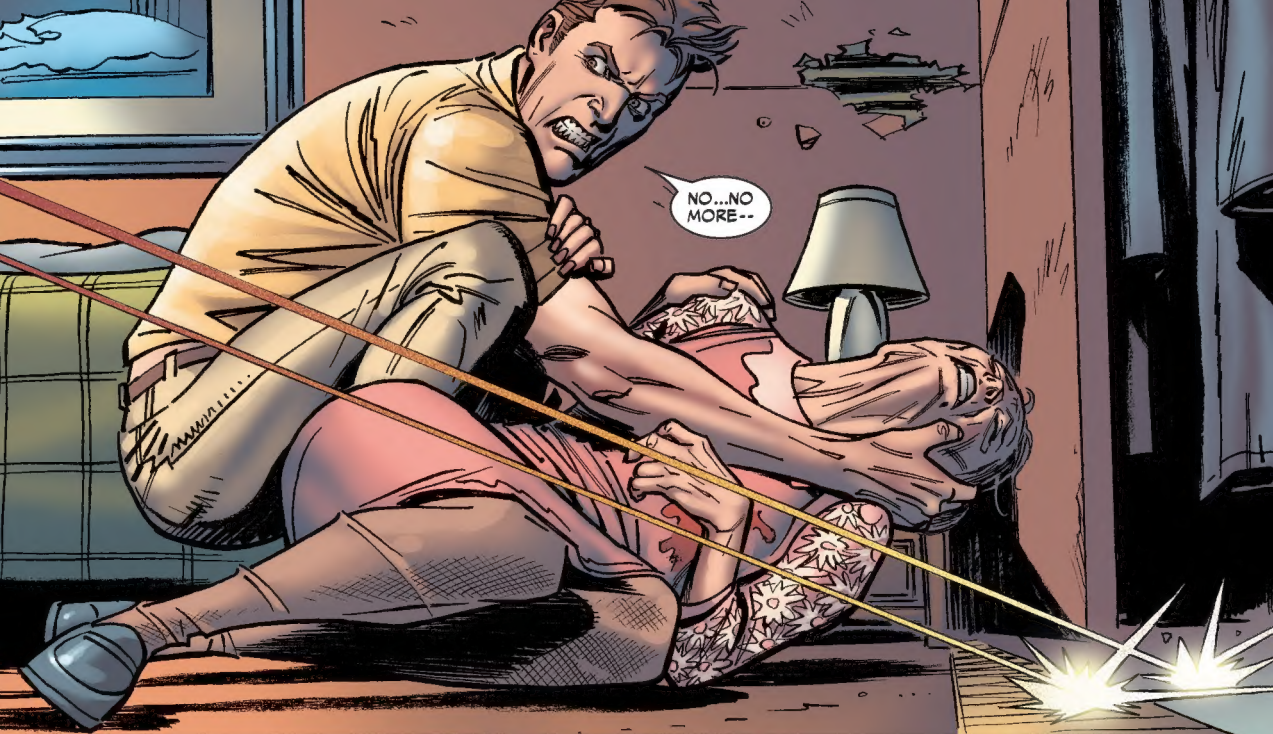
**MICHAEL  
O'CONNOR**  
A S S T. E D I T O R

**AXEL  
ALONSO**  
E D I T O R

**JOE  
QUESADA**  
E D I T O R I N C H I E F

**DAN  
BUCKLEY**  
P U B L I S H E R







**NO  
MORE!**







911...  
HAVE TO DIAL  
911...

HAVE  
TO--

NO TIME...  
SHE'LL BE DEAD  
BY THE TIME THEY  
GET HERE--

NO  
TIME!

...PETER...

HANG ON,  
AUNT MAY...I'M  
GETTING YOU  
TO A HOSPITAL...  
YOU'LL BE  
OKAY...

...SO  
SORRY...

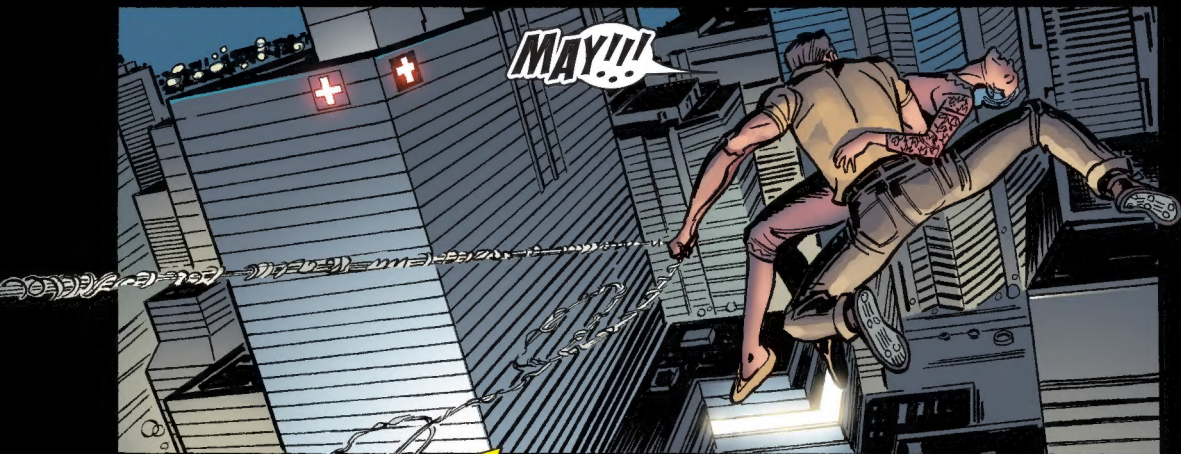
MAY...

...YOU  
SHOULDN'T...

...PEOPLE WILL  
SEE YOU, THEY'LL  
KNOW WHO YOU...

...I'M SORRY,  
I...I MADE A MESS  
OF...OF...









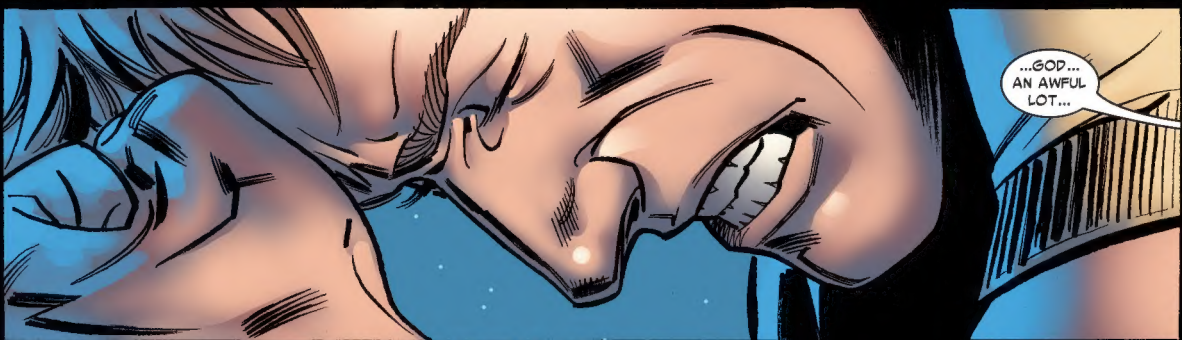
WE'VE GOT A  
GUNSHOT VICTIM!  
WE NEED TO STOP  
THE BLEEDING--

WE NEED  
COMPRESSION  
OVER HERE!



GET SOME  
PLASMA IN HERE,  
FAST!

SHE'S  
LOST A LOT  
OF BLOOD...



...GOD...  
AN AWFUL  
LOT...







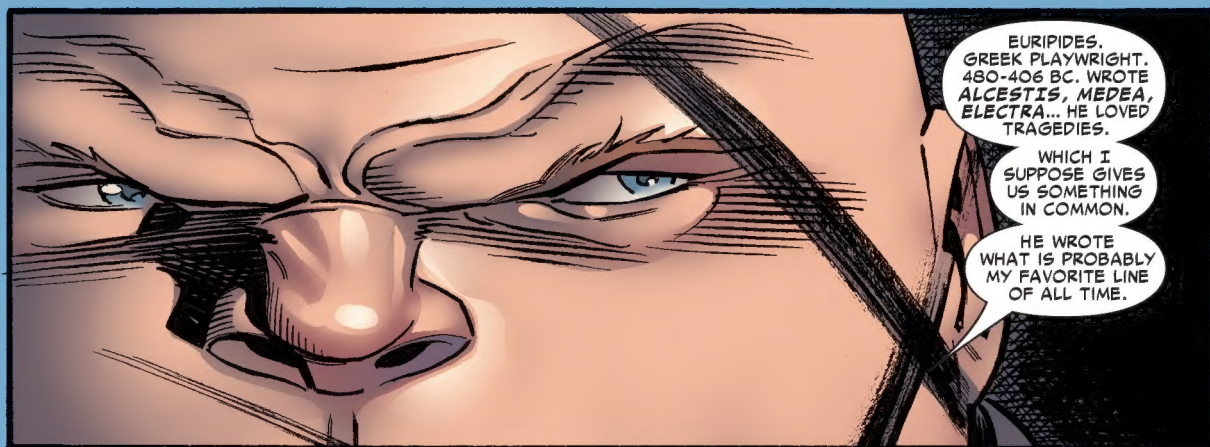


DO YOU  
KNOW EURIPIDES,  
CHARLIE?

WHICH  
CELL?

WHICH CELL.  
CHARMING. YOU'VE  
MISSED YOUR CALLING,  
CHARLIE. A MAN OF  
YOUR CALIBER SHOULD  
BE ON THE STAGE.

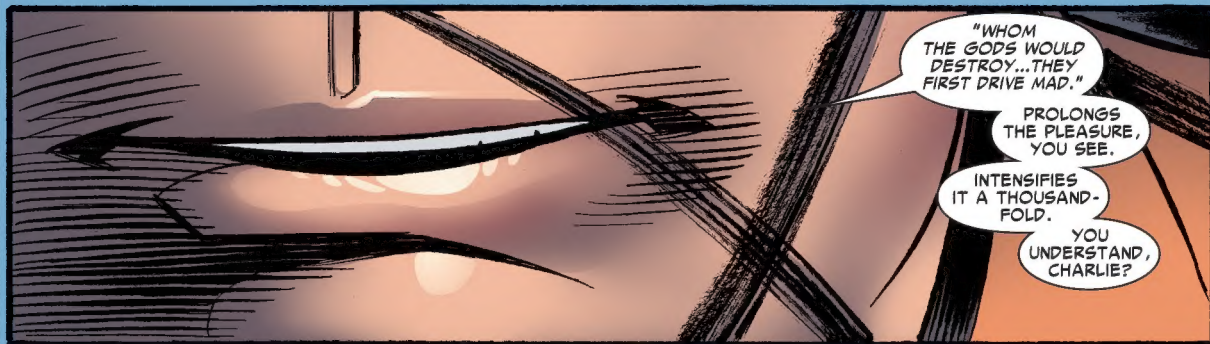
YEAH? MY  
WIFE SAYS THE  
SAME THING,  
SHE SAYS--



EURIPIDES.  
GREEK PLAYWRIGHT.  
480-406 BC. WROTE  
ALCESTIS, MEDEA,  
ELECTRA... HE LOVED  
TRAGEDIES.

WHICH I  
SUPPOSE GIVES  
US SOMETHING  
IN COMMON.

HE WROTE  
WHAT IS PROBABLY  
MY FAVORITE LINE  
OF ALL TIME.



"WHOM  
THE GODS WOULD  
DESTROY...THEY  
FIRST DRIVE MAD."

PROLONGS  
THE PLEASURE,  
YOU SEE.

INTENSIFIES  
IT A THOUSAND-  
FOLD.

YOU  
UNDERSTAND,  
CHARLIE?



SURE  
THING.

WELL,  
KIND OF,  
I...

NO,  
NOT REALLY,  
MR. FISK.



JUST AS  
WELL.

BEST  
TO THE WIFE,  
CHARLIE.

THANKS,  
MR. FISK.





MJ...

...BACK  
HERE.

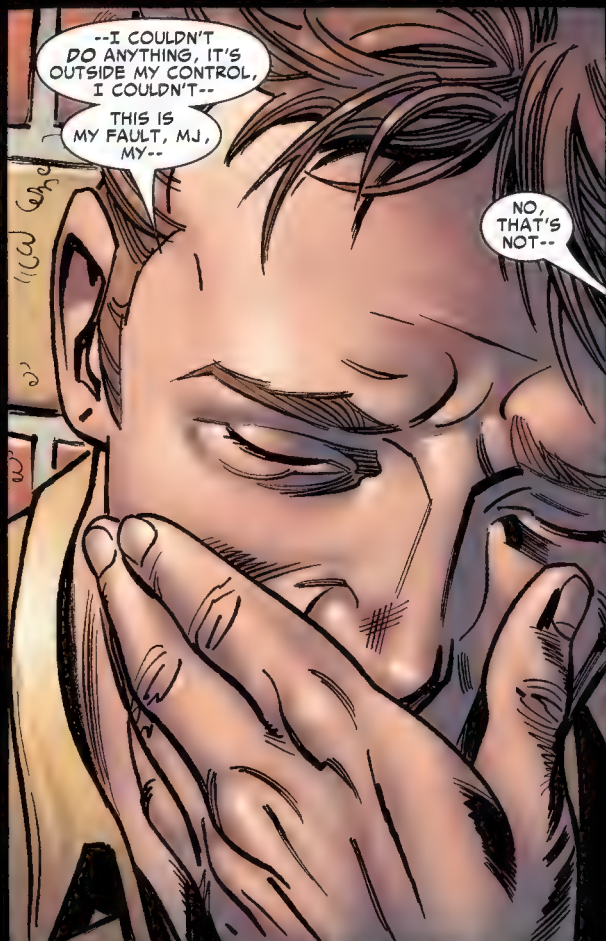


HOW  
IS--

THEY'VE  
STABILIZED HER  
CONDITION, BUT  
SHE'S NOT GOOD,  
MJ, SHE'S--

--SHE'S  
NOT GOOD,  
AND I--





--I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING, IT'S OUTSIDE MY CONTROL, I COULDN'T--

THIS IS MY FAULT, MJ, MY--

NO, THAT'S NOT--



MY FAULT...

SHE'S IN COUNTY MEMORIAL. SHE'S GOING TO NEED MONEY--

YOU CAN'T DO THAT...WHOEVER PULLED THE TRIGGER MIGHT COME AFTER HER TO FINISH THE JOB.

I HAVE WHAT I TOOK WHEN I CLEANED OUT MY ACCOUNT. IT'LL COVER HER FOR A WHILE, BUT WITHOUT INSURANCE, WITHOUT TELLING ANYONE WHO SHE IS--



BOOK HER IN UNDER HER MAIDEN NAME, MAY REILLY. THERE MAY EVEN BE A BIRTH CERTIFICATE WITH THAT NAME ON IT SOMEWHERE.

GO TO HER, MJ. SIGN EVERY PIECE OF PAPER YOU HAVE TO, GET THE MACHINE MOVING.

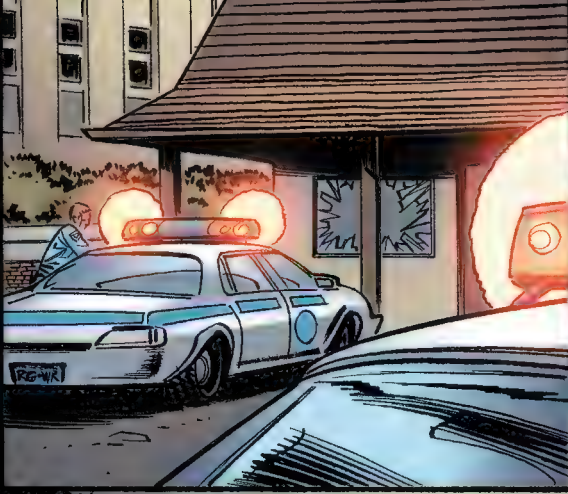
I WILL... WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



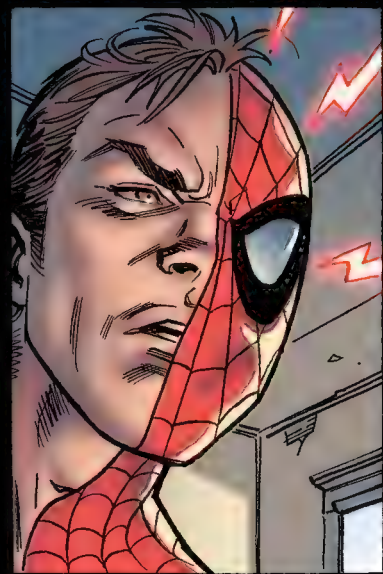
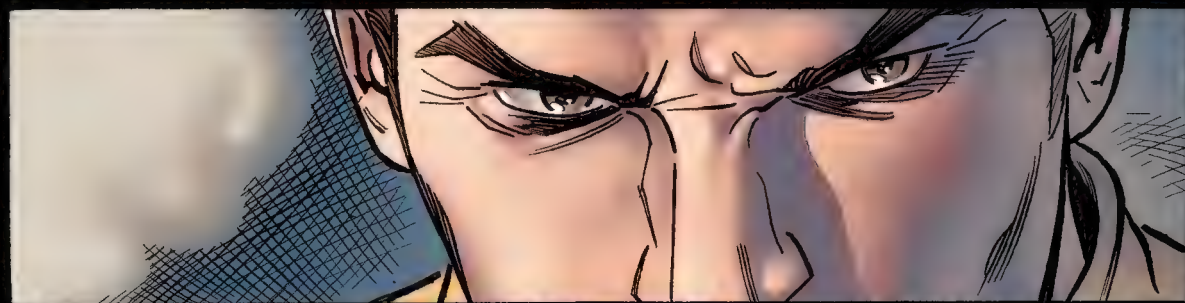
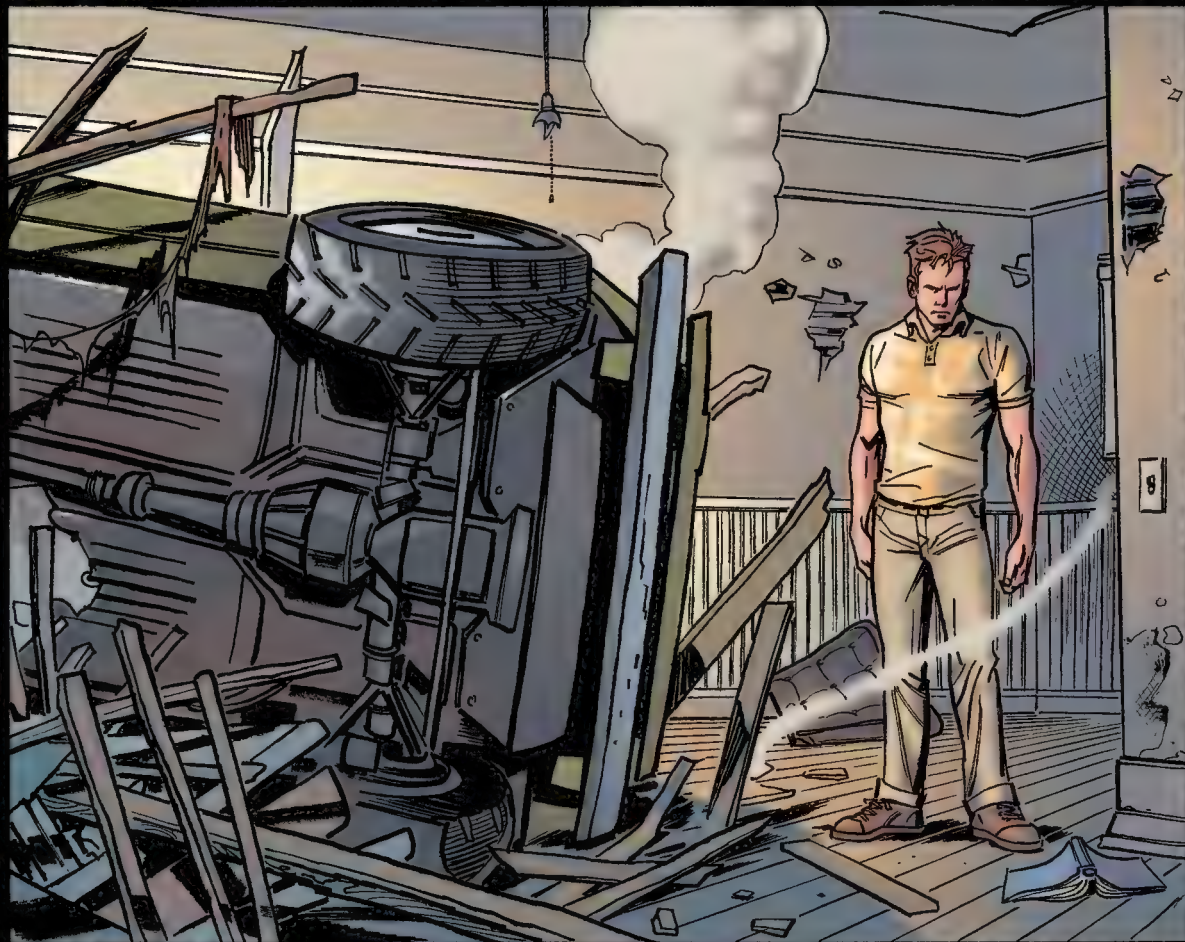
TO DO WHAT I DO BEST WHEN I REALLY PUT MY MIND TO IT, MJ.

I'M GOING TO HURT SOMEONE.

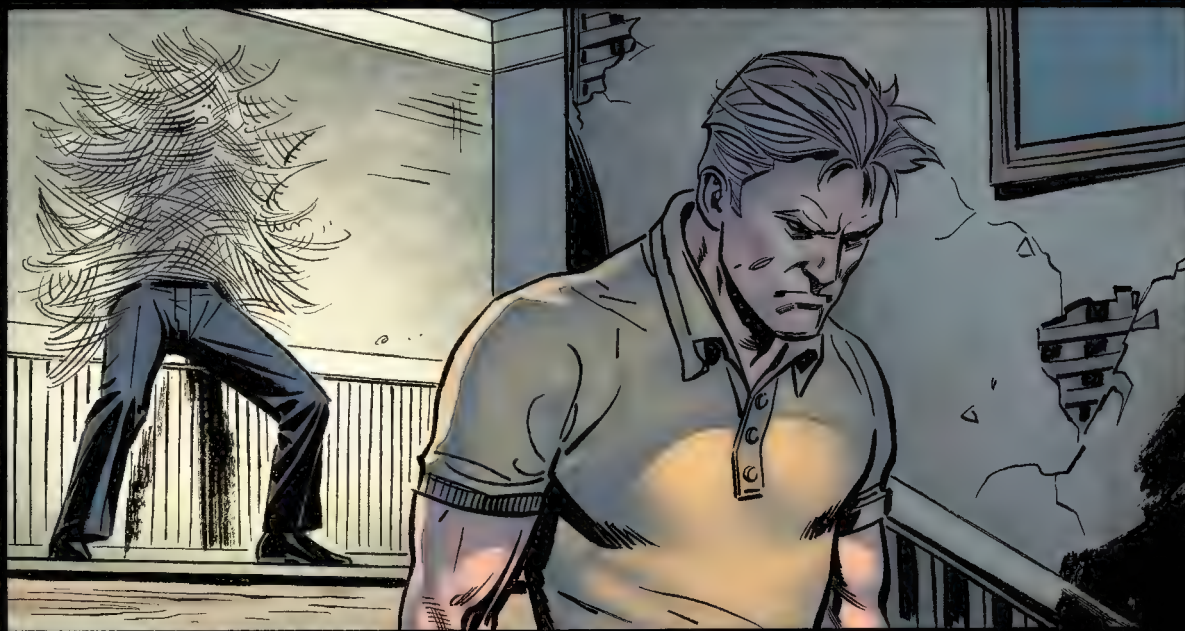
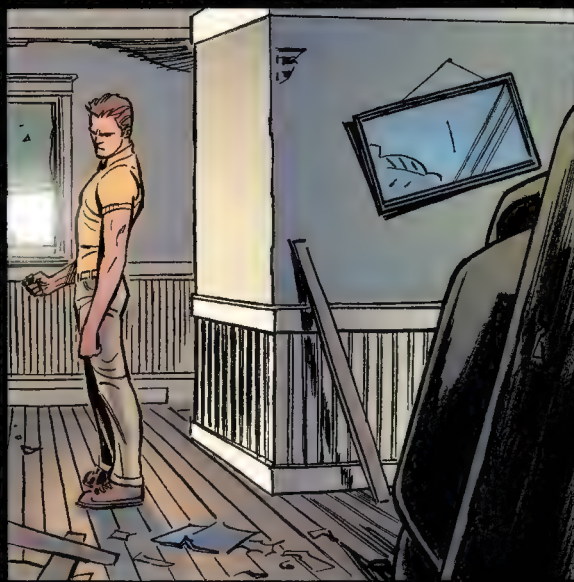








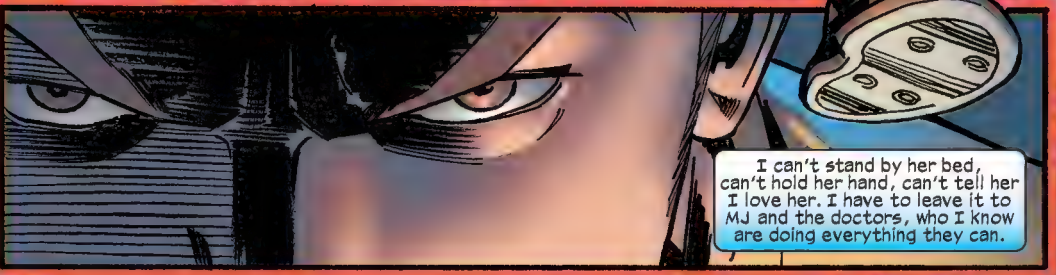








I can't do anything for May right now. I can't even show my **FACE** there because it's plastered on every newspaper across town. I'd only be bringing more jeopardy her way.



I can't stand by her bed, can't hold her hand, can't tell her I love her. I have to leave it to MJ and the doctors, who I know are doing everything they can.

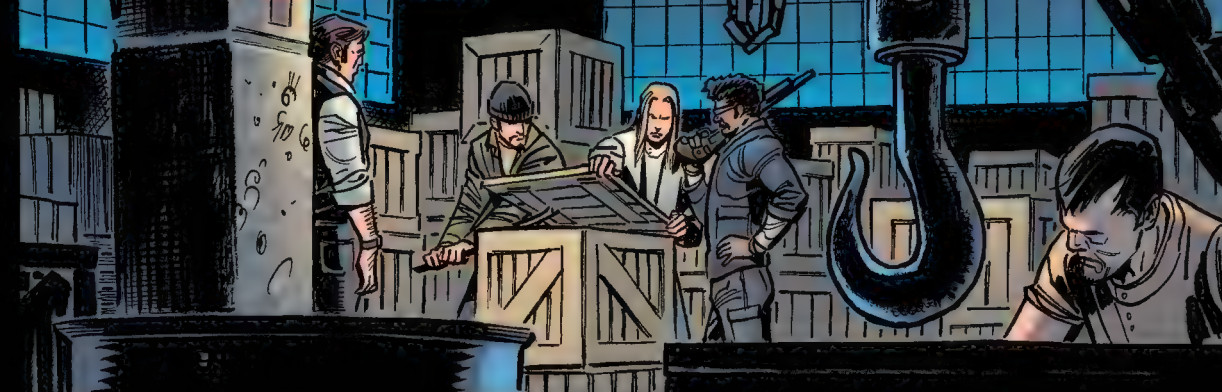
This is all I **CAN** do...all I know **HOW** to do.





In New York, everyone **KNOWS** where the big guys hang out. Untouchables. Guys connected so high up the food chain that even the police are scared to mess with them.

Top-drawer drug dealers who sell to congressmen and celebrities...the underground sex trade...



...gun runners...

NICE. VERY NICE.

OKAY, BOYS... LET'S TAKE OUR BRIGHTSHINYS AND GET OUT OF--

AS I PROMISED.



I don't knock.

**CRASH!**





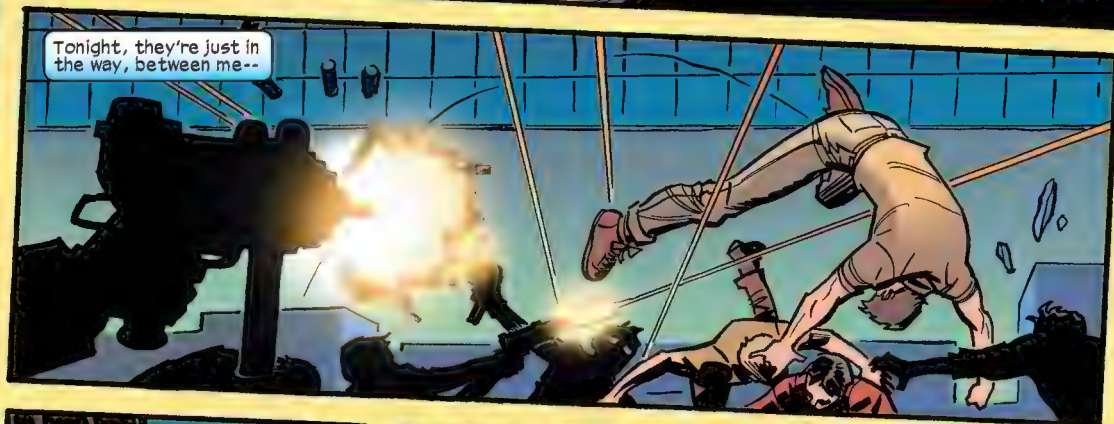
I'm not in  
the mood.







Tonight, I don't care what the deal is, or who these guys are, or why they're buying what they're buying.



Tonight, they're just in the way, between me--



--and him.



But he's not going anywhere.



Not tonight. Not **THIS** night.



On **THIS**  
night--



--the rules  
are gone.

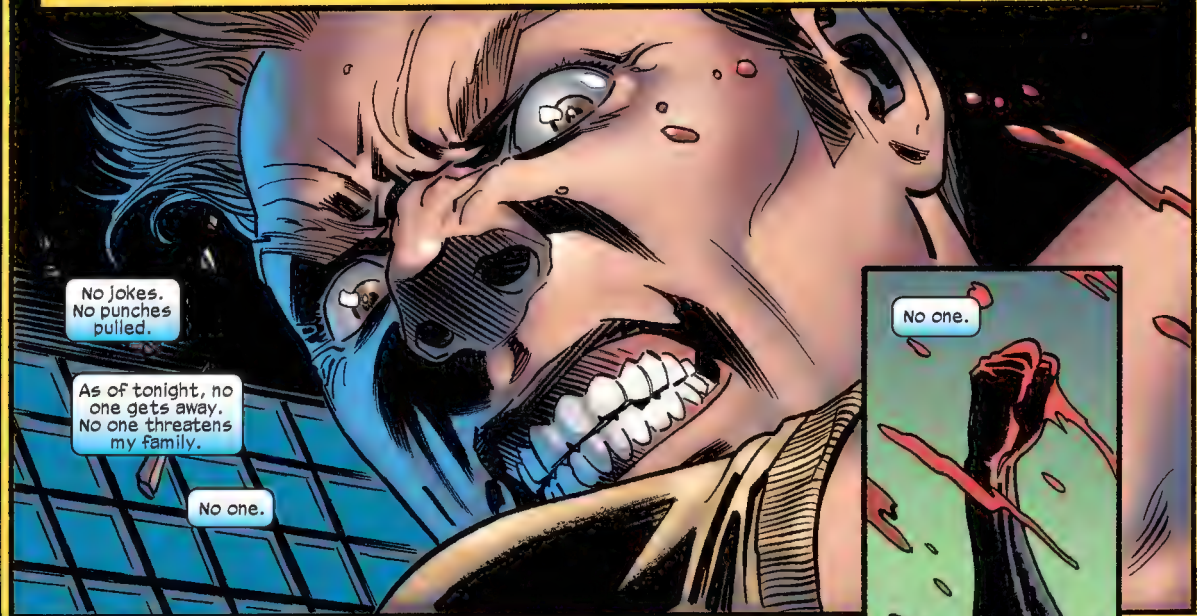


No jokes.  
No punches  
pulled.

As of tonight, no  
one gets away.  
No one threatens  
my family.

No one.

No one.







LOOK,  
I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU  
WANT, BUT--



--I DON'T WANT ANY  
TROUBLE, AND YOU DON'T  
WANT ANY TROUBLE, SO  
WHY DON'T WE--

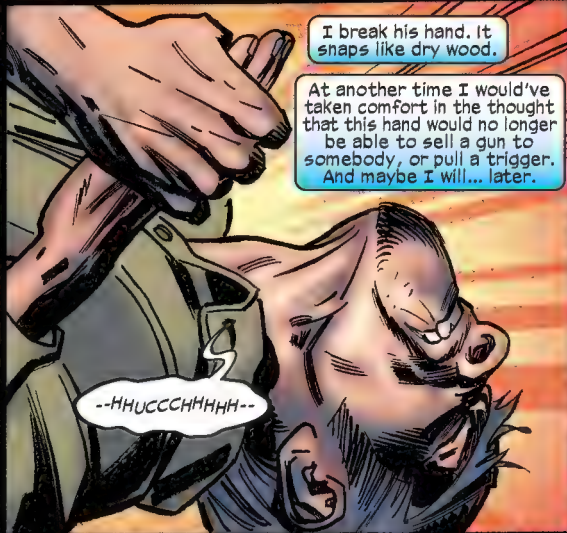


SHUT.  
UP.



TELL  
ME ABOUT  
THIS.

I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE TALKING  
ABOUT, I'VE  
NEVER SEEN  
THAT BEFORE  
IN MY--



I break his hand. It  
snaps like dry wood.

At another time I would've  
taken comfort in the thought  
that this hand would no longer  
be able to sell a gun to  
somebody, or pull a trigger.  
And maybe I will... later.

--HUCCCHHHH--

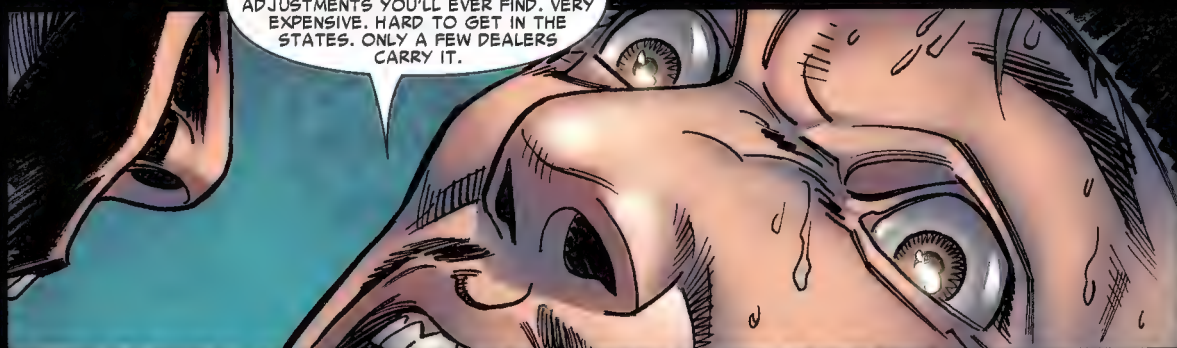




But not tonight.

I DIDN'T ASK YOU IF YOU'D SEEN IT BEFORE. I ASKED YOU TO TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT IT.

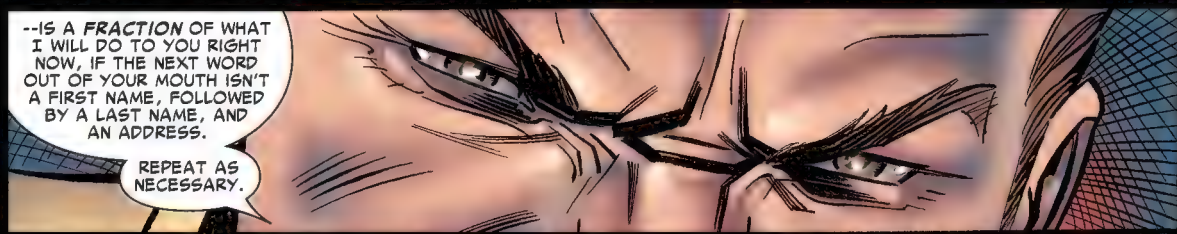
IT'S...IT'S FROM A GUNTER-WASS SCOPE. HIGH GRADE LENS. FIXED POWER OPTIC. ZERO DISTORTION. CLEANEST PARALLAX ADJUSTMENTS YOU'LL EVER FIND. VERY EXPENSIVE. HARD TO GET IN THE STATES. ONLY A FEW DEALERS CARRY IT.



WHO?

NO, NO WAY, I CAN'T... IF I TELL YOU, THEY'LL KILL ME.

WHAT THEY DO TO YOU IN A DAY OR TWO--IF THEY EVER FIGURE IT OUT--



--IS A FRACTION OF WHAT I WILL DO TO YOU RIGHT NOW, IF THE NEXT WORD OUT OF YOUR MOUTH ISN'T A FIRST NAME, FOLLOWED BY A LAST NAME, AND AN ADDRESS.

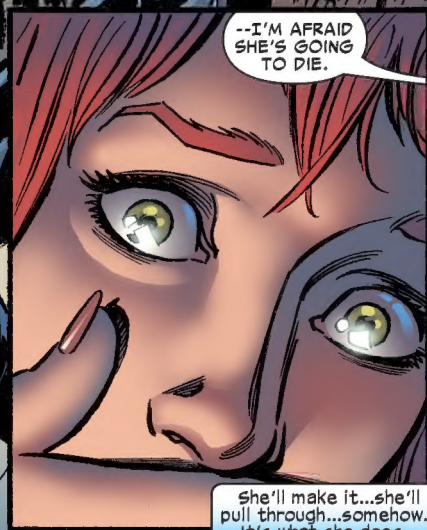
REPEAT AS NECESSARY.



ALL RIGHT...

...ALL RIGHT...

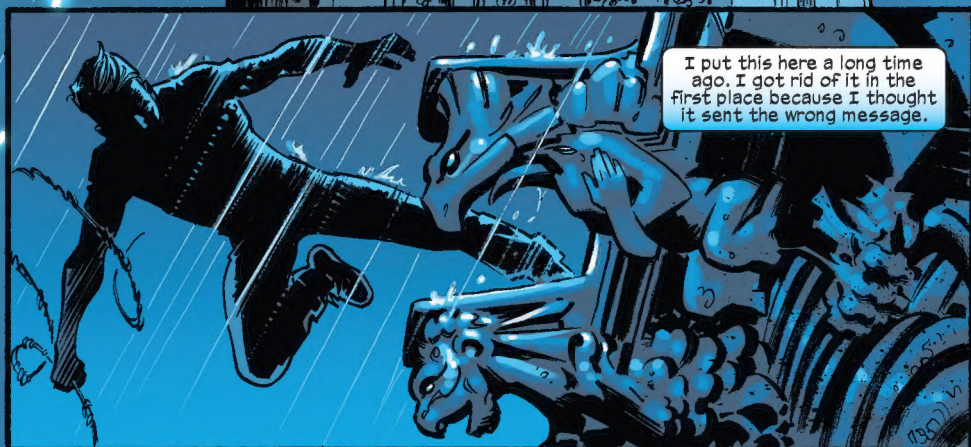




she'll make it...she'll pull through...somehow... It's what she does...



Now I just have  
to do *MY* part.



I put this here a long time  
ago. I got rid of it in the  
first place because I thought  
it sent the wrong message.

Maybe I kept it because there  
might come a day when I'd  
*WANT* to send that message.

That I won't stop, can't *BE*  
stopped, until I find the people  
responsible for shooting May.

I *WILL*  
find them.

That the rules don't  
apply anymore. That  
the gloves are off.



And when  
I do--

--I'm going  
to kill them.

TO BE CONTINUED...



# NEXT ISSUE:



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